



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A SUMMER VACATION.

Four Sermons.

BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME WHO HEARD THEM.



BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1874.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
EDWARD E. HALE,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

A SUMMER VACATION.

I.

WORSHIP IN EUROPE.

It is more than four months since I have spoken in public ; a longer intermission from that pleasure than I have known before in thirty years. From a regular life in the varied duties of the ministry I have, by your kindness, been relieved for this time, with the opportunity to see the methods of the lives of other men, some of other races of the world.

It is almost of course to say that, to a man whose life has been all woven in with the offices of Public Worship at home, the Public Worship of the men and women of different races has been a matter of central interest abroad.¹ And so easy is travel

¹ Mr. Emerson says, somewhere, that any intelligent traveller will of course study with the utmost care the public worship of the countries which he visits, as in every regard necessary to his knowledge of the people. I wish all the travellers I know proved themselves "intelligent" by this standard.

now,—so little time is lost in the mere transit, and so much gained for the centres,—that in as short a time as I stayed in Europe I found I could see a good deal of the various methods, at least, of the various Christian churches. It is of that variety of service that I propose to speak to you to-day.

I landed in Liverpool on a Saturday, and the next day went with my companions to the service of the Hope St. Chapel, one of the oldest and largest of the Unitarian congregations of England, formerly under the charge of Dr. Martineau. We had hoped to find in the pulpit the minister of the church, our friend, Mr. Williams, for so many years my invaluable assistant here. He was absent for the day, but his place was well filled by a gentleman who had, just now, left the Church of England for the greater freedom of our communion. It was a pleasant thing for us to begin our experience of Europe with so grateful an omen as the union in the Lord's Supper with a large congregation of friends, of whom we knew no one by name, but with whom we were perfectly at home.

On the afternoon of the same day, I was at the chapel of the Liverpool Poor-house,—a city within a city. In the very heart of Liverpool, here is a settlement, enclosed in high brick walls, of 6,000 people. The chapel is sacred ground indeed, for

it was the home of the ministry of Agnes Jones, well known as one of the saints to many of you. The service is that of the Church of England.

The next Sunday, in London, I heard Stopford Brooke, one of the bravest and most eloquent of the preachers of the Church of England, in his masterly review of the life and character of Stuart Mill. On the evening of the same day, I was one of some 3,000 persons who joined in the majestic "Nave Service," as it is called, in Westminster Abbey. The immense building is all thrown open to the throng, and the throng accepts the invitation. Of all services of religion in which I joined in Europe, this was the most remarkable; and I will speak of it in detail, in a moment.

Leaving England soon after, I had opportunities on the continent of joining with Scotch Presbyterians in their service; with French Protestants in theirs; again and again with the Roman Catholics in theirs; with the scattered members of the Greek Church in theirs. I met a little company of Transylvanian Unitarians at Pesth, and was at one with them in the earnestness of prayer offered in the musical language which I did not understand. I witnessed the extraordinary service of the Fête Dieu at Vienna, in which the Emperor of Austria joins personally, with every high official of that nation.

On the other hand, side by side with Professor Friedrich, — who will prove perhaps the Luther of our day, — I was present in the service of utter protest against Rome of the Reformed Catholics, who call themselves the “Old Catholics,” or the “Pure Catholics.” Again at Zurich I heard Lange, whose name is hardly known among us, but who is called the most eloquent preacher in Switzerland; and I can well believe that the praise is deserved. I heard him called the “Theodore Parker of Switzerland,” and the vividness and earnestness of his address were not unworthy of that name. Once and again I joined in the worship of the Unitarian and Episcopal chapels; and at last had an opportunity to hear Dr. Stanley preach in Westminster Abbey.

Of all which I speak in such detail, not because the detail is of interest or importance, but because it illustrates the diversity of religious service in our time, as the most intelligent people in the world sustain it and carry it forward, and because it shows how far my experience gives me any right to illustrate from new observations my subject of to-day, — the various methods of Christian worship. I think I have seen the best the Roman Church can administer; certainly I have seen the best of the Reformed Catholic Church; I am told I have seen the most remarkable congregation of

the German and the French Protestants ; I believe I have seen the most imposing service of the Church of England. It is these four methods of service, and the principles beneath them, that I now propose to compare.

I. I speak of what is known as the Old Catholic service. This is the worship of those Catholics who have broken from the Church of Rome, in protest against the claim for infallibility of the Pope. While they take the name of *Old Catholics*, their movement is wholly new.

On a lovely summer morning in the city of Munich, which may be called the centre of this movement, I found with some difficulty the humble place of their worship. As if one had gone from Boston to Grove Hall in Dorchester, and had found there a little church, built long ago, and left by some accident to any one who needed it, we found the little Church of St. Nicolas, outside the city of Munich, where the Old Catholics assembled. It would not hold more than two or three hundred people in both its chapels, and it was crowded full.

We had made a mistake in seeking it, so that we were late at service. As I entered, I saw the familiar altar, tabernacle, and gilded cross of the Catholic ritual. A priest clothed in white silk,

with a gilded cross embroidered on his robe, was on his knees, and a little boy with a white gown behind him. The assembly, kneeling, held their several books of devotion, and were silently reading their own prayers, just as they would read them in any Roman service. But what I should not have found there, and what arrested attention first of all, was a simple German hymn, sung in a loud voice with perfect distinctness by a singer in the gallery above me, — a hymn of simple invocation to God, claiming his blessing on this meeting of his children. It was as the key-note of the harmony of the worship of the people below. The priest, upon his knees, was reading inaudibly the Latin service of prayer which belonged to him in the office of the day. The people, on their knees, were reading inaudibly their several prayers in the different books of devotion which the zeal of the Catholic Church provides for its worshippers. And this sonorous, reverent, simple hymn, verse after verse, seemed to hold the worship of us all in harmony.

The office of the Mass followed, — so far as I could see, with no variation from the office in the Roman Catholic Church, but that when the priest read Gospel, Psalm, or other Scriptures, he read the Latin words, with no pretence that the people were to hear. He lifted his open hand over the book,

as if to show that he was reading, but he uttered no sound. It was as much as to say, — what perhaps had been said, — “Let us silently unite in the reading of God’s word.” It seemed as if they were resolved to sweep away all that they could sweep away of worship or ritual in an unknown tongue.

He elevated the Host, or held it before the kneeling congregation, as any Catholic priest would do. Then, when they and he prayed together, they joined in the Lord’s prayer in the German language. They used, however, some of the formulæ, to which long usage had accustomed them, of the Latin service-book, such as “Deus Vobiscum,” for “The Lord be with you,” and “Oremus,” for “Let us pray.” Once and again, as they read their separate devotions, the German hymn by one single voice was sung, as at the beginning. And this service was all.

In an earlier service, an earnest sermon had been preached, from the text, “The harvest is great, but the laborers are few,” on the demand of our time for the simple truth of religion. But in the service in which I joined there was no sermon.

This simple service united a congregation of people desperately in earnest. It was their sign of protest against that church which in their coun-

try is the only exponent of religion. By joining in it, they excommunicated themselves from her offices of comfort and instruction. Their bodies may not be buried in her consecrated grounds. Their children may not be baptized in her baptism. Their men and women may not be married by her authority. They throw away, for the privilege of such worship, all that prestige or fashion or habit or authority can give them. It was the sense of such sacrifice which made a service so simple to be a service so grand.

The history of this protest is simple. Since the Jesuit body was founded, three hundred and thirty years ago, the Jesuit party in the Church of Rome have sought for the closer centralization of its power. We can conceive of a secret society existing in America in Washington's time, which should steadily try to enlarge the President's power, and to humiliate and reduce the power of the several States. We can conceive such a society gaining point after point in such centralization, till at the end of three centuries they should enact in a great council that no appeal should be taken from any decision of the President in things political. Just such a party has been the Jesuit Society in the Church of Rome. And at last, in the General Council of 1870, they voted the "Infallibility of the Pope," by which they mean that in things ecclesi-

astical no appeal shall be taken from his authority. Every regular bishop of the Roman Church—more than one thousand are they in all—has at last yielded to pressure, and assented to this decree. But many priests, many professors learned in the history of the Church, and many, many laymen, have protested. It is their protest which has set on foot the *Old Catholic* worship which I have tried to describe.

II. In utter contrast with this service of simplicity was the festival of the Fête Dieu which I witnessed in Vienna. I dare not say I joined in it, though I always try to join in faithful worship wherever I find it. In most Catholic countries this ceremony is one of the most brilliant of the calendar, that to which public attention is most called ; and in Vienna the dignity of the celebration is traditional. The festival is devoted to the commemoration of that article of the church which teaches that the humanity of our Saviour is really and substantially present in the host consecrated at the mass, and preserved in the tabernacle at the altar. To this ceremony, “ *Corpus Christi* day,” the “ Day of the Body of Christ,” is consecrated.

At Vienna all business is set aside to make place for it ; certain streets are set apart for the great ecclesiastical and military procession which honors

it. In these streets a footwalk of boards is laid for the use of the procession. At the cross streets scaffolds of seats are erected for the accommodation of those who are to see the spectacle. Every window which commands it is engaged long before the sacred day.

At seven in the morning, the Emperor and all the high officers of court, the imperial family and all the organizations of the clergy, all charitable associations and the *élite* corps of the army, render themselves at the appointed stations for divine service. When this is over, the great procession is formed, under the most brilliant military escort which can be selected from an army of eight hundred thousand men. The children of the orphan asylums, the priests of every uniform, join in the procession. Beginning with little boys who can hardly walk, their order closes with venerable old men — who from reason of age can hardly walk — who hold one or another of the high ecclesiastical dignities. A moment more, and the Emperor and his suite follow, like the others all on foot. Behind are the various military and chivalric orders, in uniforms whose costly gorgeousness is, to an American, wholly new and marvellous. Every order of honor, gained in the field or in the court, blazes in diamonds and emeralds on the breasts of these noblemen as they go by. Priest, soldier,

nobleman, and Emperor,—each man bears a long lighted candle as he walks.

From the square in front of the great cathedral church this procession moves. It makes four pauses on its way, while in four public squares the selected lessons from four gospels are read. When the fourth gospel has been read the great ceremony is at an end.

Like every other service of the Catholic Church, it is a service which the clergy and their associates perform, and where the common people, the laity, look on.

There is nothing unkind in calling it a performance. It is a function, the fulfilling a duty by officials. And a part of that duty is that the people, as such, shall not join. This radical separation between the people and their officers is essential in the Roman Catholic system.

It was to me a sad commentary on all religious rituals that, while I was in Austria and Hungary, though I asked one and another person what this ceremony represented or was for, no man whom I asked, as it happened, could tell me. The explanation which I have given to you,—which is the true one,—that it commemorates the doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body in the sacrament, was not known to one person with whom I met. I learned it myself from books, long after I left

Vienna. And, as it happened, among all the people who witnessed this ceremony, I met no person, however accomplished otherwise, of any nation, who knew what it was all for. A sad enough commentary, I say, upon all observances and forms. So easily does the form become an idol, a mere doll or image,—so easily does the idea represented die out in careless forgetfulness.

I am glad that I have seen the Emperor of Austria and the Archbishop of Vienna and the Commander-in-chief of the army of Austria carry lighted candles through the streets of her capital ; for I am sure that in the line of imposing pageantry that church can never show me any ceremony more brilliantly arranged.

I do not know what the priests who managed this ceremony thought of it or said of it. I was told that one-half the real estate of the city of Vienna is in their hands ; so large influence, at the least, have they in its counsels. But I spoke with no man of that country who did not take pains to tell me that this was a relic of the past. I know not how many people bade me observe that the Empress did not appear in the ceremonial. I know not how many persons criticised bitterly its cost to the state, at a time of severe financial embarrassment. Nor were these critics professed Protestants. It seemed as if

all persons who met with strangers in Vienna were anxious to persuade them that this ceremonial did not represent the feeling of the Vienna of to-day.

III. Less than a month afterwards I was in the city of Zurich. In many things Zurich reminded me of our own city of Worcester, which my friend, Mr. Frisbie Hoar, calls the model city of the world. Zurich would challenge the statement, and with some reason. Zurich is a town of some 50,000 people, given to manufacture and to education, as Worcester is. It is a wide-awake town, which has been under eager Protestant influence since the Reformation began. For twelve years it was the head-quarters of the reformer Zwingli, and they show with great pride his autographs, his church and pulpit, and other memorials of his ministry. In a thousand ways it shows that intensity of life which to radical Protestantism belongs. From what I know to-day, I think I should recommend any young man who wished to study the application of science in art abroad to go to the Technological College at Zurich. In this city there were but 1,000 Roman Catholics in a population of fifty times their number. And so infected were they by the national life that, when the Edict of Infallibility was proclaimed three years ago, they as a body deserted the Church of Rome, and allied

themselves to the Reform Catholic movement which I have described.

I was in Zurich on Sunday, and, as I said, had an opportunity to hear Lange preach,—the most popular preacher in Switzerland. The church inside had a resemblance fairly ludicrous to the old country meeting-house of a large old New England town. I always thought that the folding seat in the pew, which gave room to the worshipper to stand in prayer, and which bad boys slammed down too hard when prayer was done, was a Yankee invention. But this also I found, hundreds of years old, in Switzerland. A large congregation filled the church. What is very unusual in Protestant or in Catholic Europe, at least half this company were men. A part of a hymn was sung by the whole congregation, not so well as we here can sing our congregational hymn when we are in the spirit of it, much better than we do sing it when we do not care. The sermon was from the text, “Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

It was wholly extempore. They called it there very radical. In some points you would have called it so ; in some points you would have said

it was queerly old-fashioned. On the whole, the doctrine did not seem to me as latitudinarian as that which you are used to hear on Sundays. Nor is this a matter of so much consequence. What was of consequence — the only thing which is ever of first-rate importance in preaching, — was that the preacher was through and through in earnest, — utterly and tremendously in earnest. He inspired the congregation, and carried them with him from beginning to end. A short prayer after the sermon, and the last half of the hymn of which we had already used the beginning, and the service was ended.

As we walked down the hill, two American gentlemen with whom I was, who knew Germany well, said to me: “Now you will go home and think and say that this animated and excited service exhibits the spirit and eagerness of the Protestant church on the continent.” They knew this was the first Protestant city I had seen on the continent. “Very well,” I said, “is not this a fair exhibition?” And I was told that it was quite exceptional. I was told that all through Prussia and Northern Germany, where the Reformation won its first victories, and where the government conducts the churches now, somewhat as with us the government conducts the schools, the religious service does not attract the people. I was told

that the churches are empty, the preaching dull, the service ghastly and unreal. I was told that the spirit, enthusiasm, the large attendance, and the close attention of the congregation which had surrounded me, were due wholly to the fact that Lange was accounted a brave man, ready to break loose from the traditions. As a Zurich shop-keeper said, the people went to hear him, "because Lange had something to say."

If then we took a lesson from that experience only, it would be that eloquent preaching from the lips of a man utterly in earnest is essential for the interest in worship of a Protestant assembly. And you will find a great many people who say that thing. But that theory is all wrong. The welcome given to it is demoralizing to the church, for it makes religious service dependent on eloquence, which is only one sort of intellectual force. Now religious service really has roots much deeper down than any which are fed by the mere drippings of eloquence, be the speaker who you please.

IV. Let me illustrate this by describing the occasion when I was one of three thousand people who joined in the service of Westminster Abbey.

Every Sunday evening they throw open the whole of that magnificent ancient church for wor-

ship. They crowd seats into every part of it from which the pulpit can be seen, and, where there are no seats, the people crowd in and stand. The great organ of the Abbey is used, and the full cathedral service with the antiphonal chant of the English Church. From the great columns of the church are hung great cards, on which is printed in large letters the hymn which the people are to sing.

The service was the Evening Service of the Church of England. I am not very fond of that service. I agree entirely with those influential men in her own communion who think it could be greatly improved, made shorter and more flexible. But none the less did I feel at once the grandeur and the humility of that occasion, when three thousand people joined together in the worship,—joined personally in it, from the beginning to the end. I say joined personally. I mean that to each person, or for each person, the service was intelligible, so that it was his own fault if he did not join in it. It is not simply that three thousand people make the responses, though that is a noble symbol of their union; but it is that the belief is such and the language is such that three thousand people can join in them. The priest is again one of the people, offering prayer as one of the people; no longer an intermediate officer, as in the Roman Church,—an officer whom they

are to look upon offering prayer for them in some language they cannot understand. The service is their service, in which they join: it is not a spectacle on which they are invited to gaze. And I will not pretend to describe the satisfaction of joining in service so grand as that which such a multitude renders in the English temple which has most of historical interest of any temple for men of our blood. Of course I could regret that the conservatism of England holds back that worship to the forms established three centuries ago. Yet, for all that, what man would throw away the blessing — won by the blood and tears of three centuries ago, by martyrdom and agony — of praising God in our own language, with our own prayers, without a go-between, with one heart and with one soul, with so many thousands of our fellow-men?

Of these personal experiences I must say no more, perhaps have said too much already. Maybe a traveller always finds what he looks for. I have certainly found, in what I have seen of the Christian worship of the Old World, the illustration of the principle on which we here are trying to conduct Christian worship in the New.

Not our experience only, but the experience of the world, shows that worship, when rendered by civilized and intelligent people, must keep pace in

its methods and in its simplicity with their civilization and their intelligence. Woe to church or nation which tries, with conscious effort, to keep back its ritual to the sentiment or the intelligence of centuries gone by!

The various experiments in worship will come out in the confirmation of the old broad statement, — old as eternity and broad as eternity, — that we are to love the Lord our God with all our heart and with all our mind, and with all our soul and with all our strength.

With all our *heart*! Worship is matter of sentiment. There is an original instinct which compels men to seek God and to thank God. And there are men who would make worship a matter of sentiment alone. But worship is more than a matter of sentiment.

We must so worship God as to show that we love him with all our *mind*! Worship falls short and fails, when it is satisfied with any set form which is not large enough and elastic enough to give fit place for to-day's noblest convictions, its strangest discoveries, its newest deductions.

Then we must worship God so as to show that we love him with all our *souls*! Whatever power LIFE has is to be consecrated, as well as that sentimental yearning or that intellectual conviction. Life, and life more abundantly, — life which feeds

itself from the fountain of life, — is to bring an offering in worship, and to seek new life in worship. So that those fail sadly whose worship shows only that their hearts are right or their minds convinced.

And with all our *strength* we are to worship God. Worship is not a way-side matter, a circumstance, an accident, to be resorted to on a holiday, when there is no business or no amusement. Worship expresses man's relation to the God in whom he lives, in whom he moves, in whom he has his being. He is to gird himself for worship with his very best. He is to offer the most careful, the most thoughtful service. Let him never say that because God is satisfied with the beggar's plaint, he will be satisfied in his prosperity to offer the beggar's offering. Let him never rear to Mammon, to Mars, to Pallas, temples more grand than he rears to the living God. Science, art, wealth, let him consecrate them all. He is to worship God with all his strength!

And he worships not as a slave, but as a child. God's loving children come all together to "Our Father." They come because they are glad to come, not because they are forced to come. And God comes to join them, because he is glad to come, not because he has been bought to come. The ritual which satisfies men must express this

common birthright, in which they are “partakers of the Divine nature.”

I do not pretend to say how far the different rituals I have described answered one or another of these requisitions.

I will say this, that, of the Roman Church, at the one extreme, the great mistake is that only the priests are the worshippers, and that the assembly of the people are only spectators. They are even separated by high railings in some places from the sacred few who are rendering homage. In all churches they are separated by the use of a language which they do not understand. And this separation is intentional. On the theory of that church, the priest bears the prayers of the people. This worship may be hearty, or may not be: it is not the worship of all the mind, of all the soul, or all the strength. It is not intelligent worship, it is not living worship, it is not strong.

At the opposite extreme is the hard dialectic,—the argument and instruction of the dogmatic Protestant churches. They say that men are saved when they are convinced of a certain dogma, and are burned in eternal fire if they be not convinced. So when they meet, every moment is spent on argument for conviction. Worship almost dies out from such argumenta-

tion. The service may be a service of the mind. It does not show that men love God with all their heart and all their soul and all their strength.

It is our duty in this church, my friends, — let it be our hope and prayer in this new winter, — that we may escape both these errors. Let us all worship here, each for each, and each for all. Let us join together, — men, women, and children, — in one common offering. Let us bring here the heart's gratitude for every blessing, the heart's agony in every bereavement, the heart's yearning questioning in every doubt.

Let us bring here as well, and let us consecrate, all study, all observation of nature; let us gain the eternal blessing on our conversation, on music, and all other fine arts, on our business and our politics. Nothing shall be outside the range of our worship. We will worship with all our minds!

And for this we will offer not only David's devotions, but our own; we will speak not only the Bible language, but the language of to-day. A living service, and not a dead sacrifice, is what we have to offer. We must worship with all our souls!

And all this means and requires that worship,

the love of God, and the constant recurrence to God shall be central in all life. We will not buy or sell without prayer. We will not eat or drink without prayer. We will not vote, or write, or read, or go on a journey, without prayer. While we bring every interest to God in prayer, we will seek God's help for every duty. We will worship with all our strength.

Oh! if we succeed in such high resolves, here will be ritual such as no Ambrose or Gregory ever set in order, such as no canons or orders of liturgy ever arranged. This will be the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

II.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

WHATEVER may be the historical origin of that strange description of the dispersion of the races of men which we find in the book of Genesis, — whether the narrative be the wreck of some poem misunderstood, or the mythical relic of some bit of history for ever unknown, — that dispersion, and the diversity of men's languages and races are the key to human history, until in the life of Jesus Christ the world was made again. And, on the other hand, from the time of Jesus Christ to this hour, and to the end, the law of human history is precisely reversed. The union of the races of men, by processes over-riding and compelling the diversities of race and of language, is, from that moment, the principle of human destiny. It is this distinction which makes the radical and absolute difference between Ancient History and Modern History, — between what we call the Old Covenant and what we call the New Covenant, — between the Old Testament and the New Testament. Separation

is the law of the one, union is the law of the other.

“ They were scattered abroad ” is the motto of the one :

“ God hath made of one blood all nations of the world ” is the motto of the other.

Eternal war, or peace gained only by force of arms, is the basis of the history of the first. Eternal peace — and this peace gained by mutual help, man helping man, and race helping race — is the principle of the other. It strikes the key-note of its victories.

There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of the Old Life, or what was called life, left, mixed up in the New World. There is a great deal of Fetichism or idolatry in our customs, a great deal of heathenism in our law, a great deal of polytheism in our theology and religion. For all that there is, side by side with these, a great deal of Christianity. What there is, works its victories from hour to hour, and binds the nations closer. And it happens sometimes that it makes a display so striking as to compel attention, — a display indeed which plants one more milestone on the highway of its progress.

Such a display has been the great International Exhibition made this year at the city of Vienna, of

the results of the mechanics, inventions, fine art, commerce, and the processes of education and of social improvement in the world. Among the great tournaments of our modern chivalry, of which Prince Albert's Great Exhibition in 1851 was the first, this is, for many reasons, the most remarkable.

It is, in the first place, remarkable that this exhibition took place when it did and where it did. The empire of Austria has not been thought to be the special champion of progress. Till a very late period, the government of that empire has been overawed by the Jesuit fraternity; a body of men whose gigantic power has always been directed in opposition to human progress, to true science, and to the real happiness of men. The Austrian empire has so lately emancipated itself from this control, that the great Exhibition of this year will be looked upon in history as the type or monument of its emancipation. For the same reason, the city of Vienna, the capital of what since Charlemagne's day has been the "Eastern Realm" of Europe, seems a strange place for one of the central gathering places of the world. "So much out of the way you know:" this was the flippant remark which I heard, since I came from Vienna, from one of the thoughtless children of a conceited education. And that flippant phrase expressed, I have no doubt,

the popular impression of the other careless people of Europe and of America.

Now the truth is that the world is round ; and if every man, for his own purposes, is in the middle of the world,—as in fact he is,—so is every other man, for his purposes. If the Exhibition of Vienna had only taught this truth to the jealousy of England, the vanity of France, the arrogance of Prussia, and the conceit of America, the lesson would have been well worth the cost. The Pharisees of Jerusalem had an old text in Ezekiel, from which they proved that Jerusalem was the centre of the world. There is a queer scrap of an Athenian geographer, in which he says, it is clear that there are no lands on the other side of the world, because Athens and Attica are not peopled, and why should the gods make lands without population when Attica is not yet full? Rome had and has her reasons for thinking that the threads and reins of power must centre in Rome. London, as she sees the wealth of the world flow through her exchange, persuades herself that she is the central ganglion of its circulation. And so, when you cross the water, you and I know one city which calls itself the metropolis of America ; we know twenty which prove on the map that they are at the territorial centre ; and one whose good-natured self-

esteem is such that her genial humorist says she is at the "hub of the universe."

This list of centres is enough to show that there is more than one centre. As we travel, the horizon changes, the circle changes, and the centre changes. The great Exhibition has taught the world something worth teaching, when it has shown that one of these centres is Vienna.

These are the relations in which it is truly central. In Christendom it is central between the Roman Church and the Greek Church ; which latter Church we Western-bred people forget so often when we speak of "Christendom." The Empire of Russia ; the new Kingdom of Greece ; the Christians of Wallachia, Bulgaria, Armenia, Syria, and other Eastern countries whose names we hardly know,—are represented in the Exhibition, as they were not, and could not, be represented in London or in Paris on similar occasions. The majority of the Christians of these countries belong to the Greek Church, whose Christianity, if it can claim nothing else, can claim to be the religion of the countries where the early victories of Christianity were won.

Once more, Vienna is near enough the Mussulman countries to call in representatives from them. The departments occupied by Turkey and by Egypt were among the most remarkable parts of the Exhi-

bition. You would see Turkish peasants, or life-like images of them, as at work in their own costumes, grasping their own weapons or their own tools. Some of the darkest phrases in scripture become clear as one sees how a sheik's horn is exalted, or how a woman's face was veiled, or how two women ground together in one mill. It is a foolish habit of modern Christendom to forget Islam and the Mussulman nations; but Vienna is so near them that they are not forgotten there.

The very fact that Vienna was far east in Europe gave it thus a certain facility in welcoming to its great display contributions from what Europe calls the Levant, or the region of the rising sun. In this respect it is truly central.

I suppose that this good fortune suggested to Baron Schwarz, the remarkable man who created and controlled the Exhibition, the idea of making it specially strong on its oriental side. Having gained the co-operation of Turkey and Egypt, he stretched his arms farther, and tried with success for Japan, for India, and for China. The new-born Japanese empire saw its great opportunity. The sagacious ministers of that country, much wiser than anybody we had here to attend to such affairs, arranged a complete exhibition of the interior life of Japan. You saw how a carpenter built, how a fisherman handled his nets, how a schoolmaster

kept his school. You saw the interior of houses, their furniture and architecture. You saw the various manufactures, and the methods of those who made them. I am quite sure that many a traveller visits the ports of Japan and comes away ignorant of details of Japanese life, which could be learned in this admirable exhibition. Indeed, I believe that the Japanese department was the most skilfully collected and arranged, for the purposes of the Exhibition, of all the national departments. In the shows of other nations, individuals sent the articles which they wanted to advertise; but in the Japanese display the government of Japan responded to the government of Austria by sending what tried to be a picture of the present social position of Japan. The Chinese government made a similar contribution, though by no means so carefully and scientifically arranged.

So far, then, as success goes, in bringing into Europe some adequate exhibition of the resources and methods of the furthest East, and of the Eastern nation least known, the Vienna Exhibition may claim to have been central.

Of the whole Exhibition the most remarkable feature, probably, to one who spent the summer there, was the exhibition of men. All the races of the world came to see; not emperors and kings and the state alone, but leaders in art, in education,

and in industry. I met men who were quite sure that the noblest result of the Exhibition would be the agreement among inventors and jurists on the principles of the international patent laws of the world. And there was an eager body of men at work, under the stimulus of countrymen of our own, who were engaged in that difficult problem. The interests of national education were in the hands of eighty or ninety representatives of different nations, who had given to that subject especial care. The department of fine arts, in itself a museum of very great value and importance, had been collected with success not attained before, and, more and more, I believe, attracted the interest of the artists of Europe. Thus it happened that an intelligent visitor could not spend a day there without finding some new man who was worth knowing.

And I am sure, that every day increased the respect of the intelligent visitor for the other countries of the world, and his sense of their importance to each other. "Let us have peace!" This was the great lesson of the display. With a century of peace, the world would learn that Italy has no special privilege for art; England none for machinery; France none for fashions of manufacture. It would learn that while each can learn from others, each also has all original power within; that God has made one blood all nations of the

world to dwell therein. Better than this, — give a hundred years of union, with Christian life and Christian love, and by the experiments of each nation each other would profit. The honesty of England, the facility of France, the steadiness of Germany, the grace of Italy, the fire of Hungary, and the freedom of America, all would help each other. “They help every one his neighbor, and every one says to his brother, Be of good courage. The carpenter encourages the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth upon the anvil.”

I could not but observe, that while for the great solemnity of Corpus Christi day, which I have already tried to describe here, all business ceased, and all other life gave way to it, this Exhibition of the nations was open for its purposes through the whole day, as if that pageantry were not going forward ; as if the Exhibition belonged to another life, with which that ancient ceremony had no concern. And that day saw the largest assembly in the palace of the Exhibition of all the days from the beginning. Next to this day, Sundays were the most attractive days.

This might mean nothing. But it is perfectly true that it was not the Jesuit community nor the Church of Rome which set in order the agencies

which made possible these triumphs of the human understanding, and the fancy of men. It was an earlier and simpler Christianity. Yes! and it was an earlier and simpler Christianity which made possible the mutual dependence of race on race, and nation on nation which is here illustrated.

The Christian religion, because it is the universal religion, undertakes from the beginning to unite the races of mankind. The earliest words speak of this union, — “Peace on earth; good-will among men.” We have traced, a hundred times, the suggestion of this union in the gospels; Jesus is born in an Asiatic state, which is under bondage of a European power, and in the peril of his early life he is carried into Africa. The Lord of the three continents, — the very omens of his childhood show that his life is to be tied to all. And so at his death, — when Asiatic bigotry has accused, and European tyranny has sentenced him, — it is on the shoulders of an African that the cross is borne on which he is to die. At the day of Pentecost, Asia, Europe, and Africa are represented in the throng which is addressed by the first preachers; and, as soon as they go out, the first conversions recorded are those of the European Cornelius, the Asiatic Samaritans, and the African treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia. The Gospel of Matthew is written in Syriac, for Asiatics; the Gospel of Mark in Alexan-

dria, the university city of northern Africa ; the Gospel of Luke, it is said, for special use in Rome, the capital of Europe. Hints all are these, to which hundreds more might be added, of the claim which the new faith made to universal empire, even when it was in its cradle. And that claim has never for an instant been abandoned.

It requires only the most elementary study of history to know what was the leaven in the disorganized masses of the world, which as it fermented gave to them harmony, symmetry, shape, and order. It was the work of brave men and women who obeyed the great injunction : “ They went out into all the world determined to preach the gospel to every creature.” The new life went from the Mediterranean out into the dark forests of the North ; and in their turn the dark forests of the North sent back a stronger and purer race of men to displace the worn-out tribes of the Mediterranean. The work of the Christian missions, — of men who were ignorant, if you please, of modern science, but who were faithful to an idea — that work organized modern Europe, and made possible the interchange of men, of manufacture, of literature, of mutual help, which is the commerce of to-day. And that work, which made Europe Europe, is going on this day in the out-lying continents of the world. I believe that the missions of to-day conceal men

and women among their workers who are doing for the future of Asia and of Africa just what the great missionaries of history did for northern and western Europe. It is easy to point out mistakes in modern missions. I suppose it is as true now as it was in the beginning, that not many learned are called to the execution of the work they have in hand. But I listen with awe and reverence to a statement so confidently made as that which was made by Dr. Nathaniel Clark last year, after his review of the missionary work of our century: "If you will give us another half-century of such blundering, said he, in 1922 the Bible shall be in the easy command of every human being in this world, in his own language." To have the Bible is not to have every thing. But the agencies that carry the Bible there will carry a great deal more. They are not to be spoken of in any criticism, as if the Church had abated one whit from the spirit or the energy of the missionary zeal of the days of Gregory or of Bernard.

Meanwhile, the missionary zeal has created and rendered possible other agencies for the bringing in of the kingdom of God, of which Paul and Barnabas and Thomas, and the other missionaries of the beginning, knew nothing.

It is this body of agencies which is so magnificently illustrated in the Exhibition at Vienna.

When your Christian missionary lands at New Zealand or in Greenland, it is not the Bible that he carries with him which commands respect, it is the signs and wonders which he has at his command. The gun with which he kills his game, the iron harpoon and lance with which he strikes the seal, these are his credentials. The men who make these things must be superior men, and must have the superior secrets. The savage leaps to that correct conclusion by a very short logic. In one word, that conclusion is this, "The men who work these wonders have the true idea." For the savage knows, what every one knows who is not a fool, that it is the *idea*, it is the Spiritual Principle which gives life and victory.

That same lesson is repeated when a missionary in Pontus or Phrygia or Pamphylia runs her Wheeler and Wilson machine in presence of the wondering suite of the Pacha of the province. There is not one of those officers but asks himself, "Why is it that Christendom sends to us these marvels? Why does not Islam produce them? What is the blight on Is-pahan and Bagdad, and Cairo and Stamboul?" One of our own writers on political economy has said truly, that the importation of a bale of long-cloths into Russia was the introduction of a missionary as dangerous to the Emperor as the introduction of a volume of Tom Paine's Rights of Man. There is

no doubt of it. The bale of sheetings or shirtings, the sewing-machine, the mower and the reaper, whatever tends to lift dull labor into cheerful work, to make man less a brute and more a child of a creating God,—all these importations are so many Christian missions, for they all tend to make men live more by the idea, and for it, more by and for faith, which is the evidence of things unseen.

It is such missions as these, supplementary to the spoken Word, and making for it its miracles of illustration, which are at this day giving to Christendom its victories the world over. The noble merchant, the cunning inventor, the patient machinist builds better than he knows. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is the man who to-day breaks the loaf of bread, and the small fishes, which the fisher-boy has brought so that the multitude may be fed. The man who opens a highway over mountain or desert says to whole nations that have been paralyzed, “Take up your bed and walk.” “Greater things than these shall ye do!” It is not in vain that such wonders as these are wrought before the nations. It is not in vain that in these great solemnities of the nations they are exhibited. The work of Babel is undone; and the scattered peoples, speaking a thousand languages, find that they are of one blood, children of one God, and, by a har-

mony which is irresistible, that they are to be drawn together.

Let us never take the conceit that such missionary work as this, for the union of the world, is lesser work than the spoken word of prophet or of apostle. There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. It may be that it is the special province of us New-Englanders, to subdue the world to God, by such work of our right hands, rather than by the word of prophecy. It may be that you young men of this generation are to continue the work of your fathers, when "they vexed each ocean with their fisheries," when they lighted the first fires of civilization beyond the mountains; when they taught the southerner how to harvest his cotton; when they launched the first steamboat on the Ohio, and when their pilots on the north-western coast showed the hidden channels to the Russian explorers. If that is the province which God assigns to you boys, see that you are worthy of such great assignment, and that in that province you do your work well. The cloth rightly woven, the file truly cut, the oil perfectly clarified, the ship wisely modelled, nay, the rivet precisely turned,—these also are Christian missionaries, and have their divine worth, like the words of apostleship; these also carry the life of light over the world.

In the whole history of this church of ours, it has so happened that no one of its young men has ever entered into the Christian pulpit, into what men call the Christian ministry. We send our boys and our girls to every land, on every duty but this duty. They are mechanics; they are teachers; they are merchants; they are sailors; they are physicians; they are naturalists; they are lawyers; but they are not preachers. Very well. So they carry with them, whether in their file-cutting or in their heaving of the log, the eternal truth; so they make the Spirit of God evident to those with whom they have to do,—they also are in the noblest apostleship. I do not know what region of the world is not the better for the presence of these missionaries of ours. When I looked my last, a few days ago, on the face of one of the oldest members of this congregation, who had carried his manly-honor into the dealings of a life in the China trade; when I reflected on the steadfast lessons of integrity and courage which that man had taught for a quarter century there,—I could not ask for grander ministry. It is for you, boys and girls, it is for you, young men and women, to pledge yourselves, this very minute, before your God, to like apostleship in this next half-century which is before you. This church perhaps is not to send out its preachers, its Eliots, its Brainerds, its

Judsons. Very well: let it send out its Christian school-mistresses and school-masters, its Christian builders and mechanics, its Christian merchants and seamen, its Christian naturalists, artists, bankers, engineers, statesmen, and lawyers. Let it send out its Roscoes, its Lawrences, its Nightingales, its Arnolds. There are more than one hundred and twenty of us, and we have not to hide our gospel in upper chambers, as had the hundred and twenty who began. With the work of our hands, and the patient travel of our feet, and the tenderness of our hearts, as well as with the eloquence of the tongue, it is ours to go out into all the world and proclaim the gospel of God's Son to every creature.

III.

PILGRIMAGES.

FIVE hundred men, women, and children, headed by the nobleman of oldest title in England, have made a pilgrimage since this month began, from the city of London to the sacred village in France where a sick girl saw the vision of the Sacred Heart, as if that place were more sacred than the palace or the hovel of their homes. Yet the Saviour, whom these people acknowledge, says to them, "The kingdom of God is within you."

And God's kingdom, remember, is God's home. God's home is within you! Yet, for all that, Christendom sees to-day a million discontented hearts, a million lives of men and women who are jealous, surly, all cast down, because they cannot come here and be happy, or go there and be happy, as Lady Jane is happy, or as the Baron of Weissnicht-Wo is happy, or as Tom or Dick are happy. When I measure my place against any other man's place, jealous of the society or companionship which he enjoys, it is because I do not know, or

do not understand that the kingdom of God is within me.

“The kingdom of God is within me!” And Christendom has been proclaiming it every day since Jesus proclaimed it. And he proclaimed it, as it would seem, a hundred times every day in his short life. It was, in fact, the only thing he did proclaim. “Neither shall ye say, Lo here, nor Lo there.” Christendom proclaims that also! If only Christendom could manage to live up to the proclamation. Yet when it comes to that, why, every Cardinal wants to reign in the Vatican, and I am afraid that most bishops would be glad to be cardinals, and that most priests would gladly be bishops; the sailor would be a merchant, as Horace says, and the merchant would be a soldier, and the soldier would be a sailor. The place where a man is seems still to him the wrong place. And yet it is the home of the living God; the kingdom of God. That kingdom of God is within you!

I can understand how it is that a savage, living in fight with hunger, with cold, or with savage men, should believe that the kingdom of God is far away from this earth, and that this earth is the kingdom of devils; of the fiends of war, of hunger, of cold, or of fire. I understand why he places

Olympus, or the home of God, far beyond the clouds, where all is serene ; or far beneath, in Elysium, where this clamor and havoc rouse no echo. And I have read enough of Mahomet's Bible, of the Koran, to know that there are descriptions, highly wrought indeed, of a certain heaven beyond this world, bright with jewels and flowers, where is enough to eat and drink, and that of the choicest ; into which heaven the evils of this world do not enter. I can understand how a man whose religion has been forced upon him in the forms of that book, how an Islamite, thinks he must die out of this world to enter into the kingdom of God. But I find, nearer home, other men and women who believe, or say they believe, the same thing. I find the teachers and books of Christendom teaching the same thing. There are hymns in this hymn-book, which seem to mean nothing, unless they mean that God's special kingdom is somewhere outside this world, and that his control of this world is much more limited, as it were, spasmodic and secondary. Why ! it is only within the last week that I have heard of a lovely friend of mine who is putting off this mortal and putting on immortality, who almost every day is harassed by one false comforter or another, who comes to visit her, with this conviction that she is going to enter God's kingdom when she dies, in some different

sense and manner from that in which you and I will enter it, when we wake from sleep to-morrow. They come to tell her to get ready to go, to get ready for what they call "the change," as if she could be ready to go, unless she were ready to stay! Thank God, she knows what they do not seem to know, that when people say, "Go here or go there," she is not to heed them. She knows what they do not seem to know, that the kingdom of God is within her. Here is her King, and here is his heaven. He cannot be parted from her but by her rebellion.

And this is no infrequent blunder in Christendom. To believe in God, or to rely on God, is the first necessity of life. Then to believe in God's kingdom; to see, were it only in the glory of midnight, or in the cadence of the sea, or in the perfume of flowers, that God rules; that all this wonderful symmetry and harmony and rhythm and order are his rule, and his kingdom: this also seems of course. One cannot, if he thinks, if he looks up or looks round, if he looks outside himself, — he cannot but know there is such a kingdom. Well! in the midst of passion, of lust unsatisfied, of wild desire ungratified, or of a boy's ambitions defeated, some child of God, just starting on his manhood, sees that God has such an order, such a kingdom. He sees that there are systems in which

God is Ruler. And so, in some blessed reaction from lust; in some happy harmony of his being; in the luxurious omnipotence of youth, when every sense and pulse are in health and order, when every throb of the brain, and every thrill of the nerve, and every beat of the heart, are pure and right and in sympathy, he cries out within himself, because he is a child of God, "I also will live in God's kingdom." "I will serve devils no longer. I will serve lust no longer. I will worship myself no longer. I live with God and for God. God's child am I? Then I seek my Father, and henceforth I am in allegiance." And then, because he is modest, because he supposes that older men know what he does not know, that centuries must have told something about God which he cannot see with a boy's insight, nor fathom with a boy's understanding; then he asks what he is to do, how he is to enrol himself in the army, how he is to be a fellow-laborer together with God, how he is to partake of God's nature, how he is to live in God's kingdom. And they tell him, that if he will believe thus and so, and worship here and there, and do this and that, that, by and by, when he is three-score and ten, or by reason of strength is fourscore, then, when he shall be lucky enough at last to die out of a world, which they tell him is a vale of misery and away from God, —

“Where storm after storm rises dark o’er the way;” they tell him, that then, if the eager love of God which elevates him now has not all paled out in such black wading in the slough of despond which they call mortal life, that then, because he has bought the ticket, he *shall* enter the kingdom of heaven.

There was a young man, who was more fortunate. He had, it is true, been bred in this Jewish fancy, and he came running down the road one day, to ask the Master of Life, “What *shall* I do, that I may inherit eternal life.” And the Master said to him what he says to you and me, that this kingdom is no kingdom of the future, but the kingdom of this moment. It is here. “If you will enter into life now,” he said, “keep the commandments now. Follow me now. Why,— ‘The kingdom of God is within you!’ ”

I find also that men suppose that the kingdom of God requires a great deal of their machinery, or what I may call their scaffolding. King William the Fourth wanted once, in a very eager mood, to go down to dissolve parliament. “But your Majesty cannot go,” said one of the court officers. “I cannot go? Why?” said the sailor king. “Because we cannot find the Master of the Horse, and the state carriages cannot be got ready.” The delay of that courtier illustrates the sort of hamper

and friction that comes in between people really eager to enter the kingdom, and their success. Somebody wants them to go in a court carriage into God's kingdom. The lesson to be taught to such somebodies is the lesson King William taught that courtier. "Is there no carriage of state? Then call a cab!" There is always a cab ready, or let man or woman go afoot! The king won the hearty sympathy of England when he said this. And the lesson goes deeper than the dissolution of a parliament or the passage of a reform bill!

I remember when I made my first visit in South Carolina, I was talking to a Christian woman about the curse and sin of slavery. "Oh! I would so gladly see it at an end," she said, "if we could only organize all South Carolina into one great phalanx after the fashion of Fourier." She was willing to give her assent to the kingdom of God, with a condition precedent which was absolutely impossible, and which she knew was absolutely impossible. Afterwards, in the same history, some of us thought, what proved true, that the turning crisis of slavery or liberty in this country required the immediate pouring into Kansas of northern emigrants. To send five thousand men there in one summer seemed a prime necessity. I remember that great effort was made to establish an emigrant office in the city of New York with this aim.

And when I asked one day how the agent was succeeding, I was told that, at the last accounts, he was discussing with a paper-hanger what was the proper tint of paper to be put on the wall of the company's office in Broadway. He thought that slavery could not be checked in Kansas unless his paper-hangings harmonized with his carpet. Well, those are all instances, of which there are thousands all the time, in matters of formal or theological religion, and in matters of practical or informal religion. The false notion involved leads up to the pretension of the Catholic Church, that I cannot enter the kingdom of heaven unless I take the direction of a father confessor, who has been ordained by a bishop, who has been consecrated by a pope, who has been chosen by cardinals, who were named by other popes, who were chosen by other cardinals, so that they are the legitimate successors to St. Peter.

That noble philanthropist, Robert Owen, of New Lanark, established in that place a factory village, so remarkable for its contrast with the usual wretchedness and squalor of such places in Scotland, that it was one of the wonders of the world. There were infant schools, and places to play, for the children ; there were nurses for the sick ; there were concerts and theatres and lectures for entertainment ; reading-rooms and libraries, and every-

body was prosperous, and everybody seemed happy. "This is very like the kingdom of God," people said ; and it was a step that way, — a very distinct step that way ? And why was it a step that way ? Why, because here was one large-hearted, large-headed, full-handed child of God, who did not care about himself, but who cared for the rest. The kingdom of God was in his heart, and so God ruled in the village which was his home. But he himself even did not understand this. I do not think he understood to the day of his death that it was the infinite Spirit of Love, what the Bible calls the Holy Spirit, which directed those victories. He really thought that if the world could be divided off into sections as large as New Lanark, of sixteen hundred people each, and each had its infant school, and sanitarium, and day schools, and library and reading-room ; its nurses, its doctors, and its teachers ; if all the machinery of New Lanark were supplied, — that the cheerfulness and prosperity of New Lanark would appear the world over.

And it was his constant disappointment that the world would not try the experiment. But the world had tried the experiment and knew what it was worth. Lecture-rooms enough in Boston to-day, school-rooms and libraries enough, nurses and teachers and doctors enough, machinery enough

of all kinds ; but the machinery does not make the reign of God, — the kingdom of God. It is only the present Spirit of God which reigns in the kingdom of God ; and that Spirit is not in this piece of machinery nor in that piece, — it is not in New Lanark any more than it was in Gerizim. The kingdom of God is within you.

Do you remember the story of Rabia's pilgrimage to Mecca ? Rabia joined in the caravan of pilgrims. She crossed the sea ; she crossed the desert. Night brightened into day and day faded into night forty, fifty, sixty times ; until at last they came, with crowds of other worshippers, to the sacred city. And there Rabia bent in worship at the shrine, to learn what the Samaritan woman learned beneath the shadow of Gerizim, " Neither in this city, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father." And Rabia rose, and returned wiser to her home, saying, —

" Thou fool to tread the desert road,
To toss upon the dreary sea,
To come so far to seek thy God,
Who always was so near to thee."

I say all this now, because so many of us have come back from trying new experiments of life, and have just now to return to the old homes, and to see what new experiments we can try in them. I have seen how people live in Liverpool and

London, in Paris and Brussels, in Frankfort and Munich and Vienna and Pesth, in Zurich and on the high pastures of Switzerland. You have seen how people live in Swampscott and Pigeon Cove, and Nantucket and Newport; how they live in Woodstock, at Thornton and Bethlehem, at Watkin's Glen and Saratoga; how they live in Chicago and San Francisco and Seattle. We have taken accounts of the methods of half of the world. Now, there are two ways in which this account may be used. We may, on the one hand, permit the splendor of other homes to make our homes seem squalid; or we may bring all their grandeur and freshness, all their peculiar charm and glory, into ours. I knew a man who never enjoyed his own little greenhouse after he had seen the wonder of the fern-houses and palm-houses of Kew; and I know a woman who never sees fern-house or palm-house, never a gentian on the Alps or a lichen in Woodstock, but her own parlor is the prettier for some conquest of the laws of growth which she has made, and her own life the happier with what Mr. Choate calls, "a reflex and peculiar glory."

It is wholly in our power to bring back from garden, museum, palace, wilderness, sea surf, or mountain prospect, new life for our lives, new glory for our homes, because those homes are the

very kingdom of the living God when we choose to obey and enter into allegiance. I only care for one illustration of this to-day. Travel is useless unless it teaches the lesson of that illustration. A vacation is worse than dangerous unless, when it is over, we show that we have learned it.

Robert Owen, or any man like Robert Owen, who thinks that the kingdom of heaven needs scaffolding or machinery, is quite wrong. It needs something ; but it needs no more than God puts within the reach of the humblest day-laborer. Machinery, scaffolding, gate of entrance, and infusing spirit are at every man's command, if he will. The most ignorant man, the most stupid, the poorest, may build this palace, so much nobler than Aladdin's, if *he will* ; may enter it and dwell there. Here is the secret : " Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of you." That is a metaphor, of course ; but it is a metaphor which means that two or three so assembled might expect, and should enjoy, all that two or three of them would enjoy, if in their evening bivouac, or at their fisher's home, the Saviour himself came in, joined in their cheerfulness, solved their doubts, strengthened resolution, and quickened life. Such two or three, joined together so, find out what the kingdom of God is,

and that it is not far away. They find out that the kingdom of God is within them.

We expect to find heaven, or the kingdom of God, in another world after we die. Reverently I hope that we shall. I believe that we shall. We expect that, as the world advances after one millennium or more ; after the killing out of this pestilence ; after the abatement of that cruelty ; after the unlearning, by hard remedies, of such habits as tyranny, and priestcraft and avarice, and the methods of demagogues, the reign of Christ will come over this world, and the kingdom of heaven will be here. Reverently and bravely let us hold to that hope, and do our best to make it good. But do not let us be satisfied with these hopes. When we pray “Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” we are not to wait for any such millennium’s end, or any such heaven after death, for the answer to our prayer. That prayer is answered in every happy and true home where two or three of us are together in a Saviour’s spirit. Answered completely and brimful ! Heaven has no nobler gift. It has no more perfect delights. It has no closer walk with God. You made your pilgrimage to Mecca. You fell on your face on the desert, morning, noon, and night. But never was God any nearer to you than when you took your little boy upon your knee, and heard

his long story through from the beginning to the end, shared his baby triumph completely, and let him feel to the very bottom the glory and perfectness of a father's love. You went to the chapel of the Vatican, and you were lost in the exquisite raptures of the Miserere. But Vatican and Miserere have no raptures for you sweeter nor purer than the joy of uniting with your children, as young as they are, in their evening amusements, if you so join and inspirit them, that they are all glorified to them because you share them. And all this is no out-of-the-way accident. It is not the entertainment of a vacation week, or of a day or two. It is what it is: it renews itself with a charm never twice the same, because it is a part of God's kingdom, and not a plan of man's devising. It is love such as God's love. It is life, quickened and made abundant by the eternal elixir. So is it that it does not weary, that it is always new, because simply it is always a part of God's own eternal plan for his children. Or, more simply, say, because God is in the midst of you, enjoying your joy, and making your pleasure possible.

To learn that there is no place to God, or that in all places we may have his companionship, this is the first lesson of travel or of adventure. To come home, knowing what home is, his home as much as ours, — this, of such adventure, is

the consecration ; a consecration and a lesson, I think, not unneedful in the habits of our time. The care of business, or the demands of evening society, separate fathers and mothers from sons and daughters. A very foolish and provincial custom makes one party up of young people and another of old people. But good society, the most amusing and instructive society, only exists, as God made it, where the young and the old, the graver and the gayer, meet together. I say, I think the habits of separation which sent a man to his office every evening, which kept the children by themselves for fear they should disturb their father, all need to be consecrated and modified. A father is the best teacher to his girls. A mother is the best teacher to her boys. The boys and the girls are the best companions to their fathers and their mothers, and their fathers and mothers are the best companions to the boys and girls. Home, built up on the central principle which has disclosed these axioms, has capacities for amusement, for relaxation, for cheerfulness, for reasonable instruction which are nowhere else : it is indeed alive with the infinite Spirit, and glows with infinite love. Such homes, thus inspired, will give to us what we have not yet discovered in any circle of wealth, of fashion, or of culture,—what we rightly call “good society.”

For good society is the society where each lives in the other's life, gives to each, and gains from each. It is a part of the kingdom of heaven.

That kingdom is open to all of us, whether we live in a tenement on the seventh floor or in a palace. The rooms are nothing. The inmates are all in all. Let them be gathered, though there are only two or three, so that they dare say they meet "in a Saviour's name;" let them meet as he met with John, the beloved disciple, and in that pure companionship, lo the presence of the Father also; his inspiration, his strength; and courage and cheerfulness which he alone can give. The joy of abundant life is there: the heartiness of daily victory. For the kingdom of God is within you.

IV.

OPEN AIR AND THE ARYAN VIRTUES.

IF a great Christian prophet, wholly alive with the new life, came upon a colony of Benedictine monks, all at work from dawn to midnight studying the Scripture, copying it for posterity, and writing notes upon it, he would say to them: "Up and away. Leave this cloistered darkness. Come out on this hill-side. Thank God for the blue sky and the bright sun." And he would bid them from day to day, put plough into the ground and harrow after the ploughing; plant seed, and gather harvest. He would bid them fish in the rivers and hunt in the forests. In whatever way, he would break up their ascetic confinement, and bid them turn for so many hours of every day, from their study of written Scripture to the sight of God in his larger world.

Suppose the same prophet suddenly landed on an island of the South Seas, too small for war, and ignorant of all the devices of the civilized world.

He finds a simple people, living on the spontaneous gifts of the earth; the cocoa-nut, the taro, and other roots and fruits, are enough for them. They live under the open sun. They bathe for hours in the water. They are passionately fond of flowers. In their dances they are crowned with them, and at their feasts the table blazes with them. The word "labor" is unknown to them. The idea of mutual sacrifice is hardly known. And this prophet finds them intellectually asleep, nay, almost morally asleep. They enjoy physical life, and that is all. To such a company of men and women he would certainly read, from his Bible, of higher life than theirs, and nobler aims. He would interest them in this marvellous machinery of letters, by which the highest and best of one age and country take hold even of the most degraded and weakest of other ages and other countries. He would use such power as a Christian training and a Christian civilization had given him, power which they would certainly respect, till he had inoculated them also with an enthusiasm for books and letters. Even this would only be the machinery by which he would quicken them with new ideas, — ideas of spirit, principle, duty, and worship which they had never had before. And, in one word, he would consider himself faithless until he succeeded in quickening these simple children of out-door habits,

with some measure of the very life which had sent all his Benedictines into their cloisters. And he would pray, and work, and expect that such life would result in a change of habits, which should make these men and women considerate and philosophical, no longer mere slaves of the impulse of the moment, but ready and able to govern themselves by law.

The prophet would be conscious all the time, that in each case his practice and his preaching were, in external form, precisely the reverse of what they were in the other.

In both cases, of course, however, his object would be the same. It would be the great object which the church ought always to hold in mind, and every preacher of the church,—to present every one as a perfect man; the whole spirit and soul and body preserved blameless, “according to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”

The contrast between such habits of life is very much the contrast which St. Paul himself had to see once and again, as he passed from Jewish precision as to texts and laws, into the license of such European races as the Gauls who had taken root in Galatia, or the sensual Greeks whom he found

when he had crossed into Europe. It was to such people that he said, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." His Master, even in the crisis of his life, had contrasted flesh and spirit, to ask the three Jews to gain *more* physical power. "The spirit is willing," he had said to them, "but the flesh is weak." He had intimated that a life in which a man could keep awake when he was on the watch was better than a life where even an affectionate disciple slept at his post. He would have been glad if Peter and James and John had more bodily strength; if their bodies had been strong enough to do what their spirits devised. But with Paul all is different. Paul, coming up to these wild nature-worshippers in Galatia, finds only too much physical life. It amounts even to lust or license; and he uses just the counter words, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." And so, in every address of his to the Greek, who was of temperament a slave of external nature, or to the Roman, who, from the habit of centuries, believed first in force, and had little faith beside, the steady effort of the great apostle is to bring in Law, to bring in ideas, and by the spirit, and the new strength of the spirit, to enlarge and improve

what I had almost called the brute life of those who were governed by the impulse of the nature which was around them. And I may say, very simply, that substantially the same work has been the work of the church from his day to ours.

This contrast between the Jewish teachers of Europe and the natural drift of the European races is so strong, that the habit has grown up of calling the races allied to the Jews the religious races of the world, and of saying that all our religions are of foreign origin. And so, in the various scepticisms of our time, quite a prominent place may be given to the notion, that all worship, thanksgiving, right and wrong, — are well enough for a half-barbarous Semitic race, shut up in their deserts and studying their astronomy; but that really we proud Europeans — “Indo-Europeans” or “Aryans,” whichever name may be most in fashion — need not trouble ourselves with such local superstitions. Now it is perfectly true that the historical origin of Judaism, of Christianity, and of Mahometanism, the three religions with which we have had most to do, has been among these men of the races allied to the Hebrews. That fact is too striking not to challenge attention. It is from the observation of that fact that there springs a scepticism which sweeps so far.

But, to that scepticism the immediate reply is

here,—that while Judaism and Mahometanism, which are in strictness but two types of the same system, belong in the race which sways the Arabian peninsula, and have never found energetic apostles outside that race, the Christian life instantly passed outside those narrow boundaries, and addressed all sorts and conditions of men. And it is interesting to see that in the beginning it did not prosper in Jerusalem. It sought the wider range of the cosmopolitan cities of Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, and Rome. It throve in the hands of a man like Paul, who was not afraid of Galatian and Greek,—who saw the charm and value of their flesh-born religion and their love of nature. He did but repeat the habit of his Master, who addressed all his critical instructions to outsiders or outcasts,—Samaritans, Roman centurions, Edomite prince, Syrophœnician beggar, settlers at Cæsarea, Greeks who had come to the feast,—as if to show in Judæa itself that his work was outside Judæa. Christianity does not show itself as Christianity till we see that it is more than idealism, more than ascetic spiritualism,—that it is rather the only law in which is a union of bodily life, mental life, and spiritual life. It is the life in which the flesh and the spirit are for the first time balanced against each other. It is the life in which the flesh does not any longer lust against the spirit, and in

which the spirit does not lust against the flesh. It is the life in which the spirit is willing and the flesh is strong; in which the flesh is willing and the spirit is strong. It is not the life which a Greek would describe of a Hercules of many labors,—strong to act and patient to endure,—but so stupid that any Proteus could outwit him or any Dejanira ensnare him; but, on the other hand, is not a life such as one of the writers in the Apocrypha would describe of some God in a heaven of heavens, of a heaven above the heavens,—ignorant of human passion, and unable to walk in human pathways. Rather is it the life which in the effort of human strength shows the divine omnipotence. It is the life in which every muscular struggle becomes divine, and every mental conception. It is the life of man, the child of God, or the life of God in man.

I do not see any objection to the familiar statement, that the spiritual conceptions of an unseen God, of an infinite heaven, of eternal law, are what men call Asiatic or Semitic; nor to the other statement, that the sense of beauty, the love of nature, the out-door passion for stars and woods, for bathing in the sea and hunting on the land, for fruit and flowers, and in general for food, is European, or, as they say, Aryan or Japhetic. We of the European

races certainly have this credit, of being specially fond of nature and her gifts. We are spoken of as if we took at second-hand our poetry and philosophy, our morals and speculation, the sense of right and the sense of worship; as if we took them somewhat indirectly. Very well. If the Hebrew and Arab seers have given to us the loftiest statements of right and truth, our artists have given to them the noblest images of beauty. Not a statue nor a picture that has entranced the world has come from their workshops; nor is there world-known symphony; nay, nor the humblest strain of music which has travelled from their harps to cheer our homes. If David, when he sang to Homer there by the bay of Accho, charmed him into silence as he sang—

“The Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting,
His praise endureth for all generations,”

Homer, on the other hand, enchanted David when he sang what David never sang, sang how

. . . “the ocean billows, wave on wave,
Are pushed along to the resounding shore
Before the western wind, and first the surge
Uplifts itself, and then against the land
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks
Tosses on high, and spouts its foam afar.”

The one poet sings the spirit which informs nature: the other sings the nature which is inspired.¹

¹ The allusion is to “Homer and David, a piece of possible history.”

Let us grant that for our purpose this distinction of races is accurate. But let us study it enough to see how our education at school, in church, and at home; how our self-formation; and, above all, how our worship,—shall bring out of the work and genius of both races the balance of the spirit with the flesh,—the perfect man, and the kingdom of God.

And here the technical ecclesiastic is in terrible danger. And in fact, popes and councils of priests, colleges of clerks, and such people, given more to speculation like my Benedictines, and little to out-door life like my islanders, have done the world great damage. They have done this merely by a statement too small of what religion is. Very naturally, the man with great love of beauty is apt to be an artist; the man who is wild about nature is apt to be a naturalist; the student of force is apt to be an engineer; the master of men is apt to be a soldier; and so it is, that in history so great a majority of men who were remarkable for no one of these things in particular have been left to be clergymen and teachers. Delicate men, hectic men, who were going to die young; unsocial and reserved men; boys, called good boys, because fond of books and afraid of play, fond of rest and afraid of hunting and of war,—these have, for evi-

dent reasons, largely recruited the teacher's desk and the preacher's. The pupils, and the church, alas! have had to suffer. And all the time the heresy has crept in, that a weak body, and a mind not enterprising, would be the best recipients of the grace divine, — heresy more fatal than if Scripture wrote that the pinchbeck shields of Rehoboam were nobler adornments to the temple than the rich gold of his father! The church, having taken its oracles, indeed, from the land of speculation and the ideal, has very naturally exaggerated the ideal and the speculative. And so, if you could believe the tracts and the sectarian newspapers, and the great body of the sermons and the books of religious biography, you would believe that an excursion into the forests was a profanation of Sunday; you would believe that Michael Angelo's statue of Jesus was an unworthy memorial in God's Temple; you would believe that on a bed of sickness a man was nearer God than on the cricket-field or in a swimming-match. Nay, you would fall back upon Mussulman fanaticism, and your artists would no longer represent the exquisite loveliness of the thing which is, but would be left to devise something unreal and non-existent for the decoration of home and of God's temple.

On the other hand, the church has made its great advances, and has won its true reforms, at the hands

of leaders who were something more than idealists or speculative, — such men as Paul, who could make tents as good as their sermons ; such men as Bernard, who could lead a colony into the wilderness and hold a garrison there ; such men as Luther, who would have been a better miner than his father ; such men as Vincent de Paul, who was not afraid to blister his hands as he pulled at the galley oars ; and, shall I speak of our own times ? men of the double training of Bishop Selwyn and Frederic Robertson, and of Robert Collyer, men who know the worth of muscle as well as the worth of brain ; who have rightly seized and rightly taught the lessons of the flesh controlled by the spirit, and the spirit quickened by the flesh.

The counter heresy — the one-sided depreciation of the beauty of the earth and the glory of the frame of man — may be called religion ; but it cannot be called Christianity. It is Judaism ; it is Islamism ; it is good Calvinism, if you please ; it is ascetic Romanism : but it is not Christianity. I dread every sign of it which I see in the morbid side of our civilization. When I go to a school examination and see a pale boy, tall and thin, pass eagerly from black-board to black-board, chasing before him his reluctant equation, till in the end he extorts from it the truth which was in question,

I always wish it were a man that were doing this. And for the boy, I wish he could be lying in wait for ducks on the Chelsea marshes, as his father did, or that he were trolling for blue fish between the Vineyard and Block Island. Of the old Boston of my boyhood, much is gone which was mean and unsavory. The flat where, on holidays, the outlaws pitched their coppers, is now the home of our gentry; and, in the dock where lay the humble wood-sloop from the Kennebec, we are now assembled together, that I may expound to you this gospel. But in that same change the boys have lost the hills and forests which were the holiday haunts of us fathers. I wish I thought that the gymnasium or the lifting-cure made up for the long tramp, the out-door picnic, the appetite which never quailed, and the sleep so fairly earned. I am sure that our danger is on the side of the neglect of the thousand thousand gifts which in forest and flood, in the outer world of beauty and sublimity, of wonder and mystery, God has given. Is it good for a boy to learn the multiplication table to the five-and-twentieth figure? So it is good for him to learn to sing "Bonnie Dundee" and the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," with the lungs of a savage rather than the mincing wheeze of a drawing-room. Is it good for a girl to illuminate the parable of the virgins? Yes; and

it is just as good for her to learn how to swim outside the headland beyond the breakers, to toss up and down on the ground-swell, and if need be to take back to land any other girl who is tired with her play. Is it good for a boy to know how to write a composition on the excellence of virtue? Yes; and it is good for him also to know how to talk with a wood-cutter in the pine-lands; how to strip to his skin as he talks, and from sunrise to sunset, to chop stoutly at his side. Is it good for a boy or girl to repeat the ten commandments from end to end? Yes; and it is as good for the boy to give his men the example of loyal work, the master caring for his laborer, so that they shall love him with a passionate enthusiasm, as young Firth led his men, so that they loved him with loyal devotion; it is as good for the girl to pull the stroke-oar bravely when there is a life-boat to be launched and a stranded crew to be rescued, as Grace Darling did when the call came to her; as Ida Lewis did when the call came to her; and the Grace Darling without a name who did the same thing in our own harbor, just in the passage between the Brewsters.

The instances I have chosen are all instances of the Aryan virtues, — the virtues which die out of you unless in the culture of outward nature you train this physical frame which is fit temple of the eternal

Remnant of Oregon
flag on Exhibition
old Society Ch Coll
of #¹² "Then great battle
fighting Charleston Ha
bor had the American
flag 13 stripes displayed
This up to this day (April
1780) had been a blue
flag with field & 13 Str
The other flag never
hoisted until today"

Extract from Journal
of Dr H. John Jeffries of
Charleston S C